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TACOMA

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Midnight Fears

A YEAR or two ago mother and I spent a fortnight with my aunt and cousin at their summer home on the Washington side of the Columbia river, right in the heart of the Cascades.

Up to that time it had been one of the most beautiful spots of all the beautiful Columbia river scenery, but fearfully lonely, perched up there in the mountains, with no neighbors for miles around, and fearfully quiet, with the river roaring sullenly past huge rocks, and an occasional belated train scurrying along through the tunnel on the Oregon side to break the intense stillness. But this summer the North Bank railroad was in course of construction, and as a consequence the country was infested with all varieties of tramps and their kind, in addition to the accustomed fires in the forests, so that when I was not kept awake by an imagined crackling of fire, I could not sleep for fear the house would be burglarized and the whole of us abducted during my dreams.

One night when the stillness was more oppressive than usual, we retired a little after ten, resolved to try at least to drown a little of the solitude in sleep. Mother and I soon fell asleep, only to be awakened about one o'clock by a peculiar rustling sound, which resembled most unpleasantly the crackling of flames in the dry grass, but might equally well have arisen from the kitchen, as some one stumbled over the low coal bin and became entangled in the pile of old newspapers reposing there. Both were equally probable and pleasing to contemplate.

A quick rush to the window proved the fallacy of our first idea, so we hastily donned dressing gowns and crept stealthily down the back stairs in fear and trembling, mother clutching my uncle's old revolver. We would oust the rascally intruder? On we went, peering here and there by the dim light of the low-turned lamp, down the winding stairs to the hallway and through doors whose locks had been placed there with the idea of presenting a most formidable appearance without really meaning it, until we reached the kitchen. Throwing the door open with a quick jerk, we flashed the light suddenly on the literary occupant of the room. There was none, literary or otherwise!

We went slowly, fearfully toward the front hall, only to have our suspicions as to an unbidden guest confirmed. The front door was

half open and the screen unlatched. Then the solution of the mystery dawned on me. Fearing that we had been aroused by the forcing of the door, the object of our search had sought to conceal himself in the curtained recess under the stairs, and had fallen over the mass of magazines piled there. But to draw the curtain and disclose the creature was not so easy. After much hesitation and quaking, both inwardly and outwardly, with a mental one, two, three! I dashed for the curtain and dragged it back. There was the burglarious individual comfortably established in a hollow in the pile of magazines, sleeping the sleep of the utterly exhausted—my great Malamute dog, Old Woman! peacefully dreaming and sonorously snoring.

Rebecca Stevenson, '11.



A Midnight Episode

A festive burglar, late one night,
Gave the maids an awful fright.
They first heard him at the window,
Thought he would break through, by jingo;
Called to Andrew, "Come here, quick!
Make this burglar think he's sick!"
Andrew came, his gun in hand,
You'd thought it was a big brass band;
The noise he made would wake the dead;
His hair was brushed close to his head.
'Twas said he stopped to clean his boots,
The maids all say so; then he shoots
Out in the hall and glares around,
But then the burglar can't be found.
"Three cheers for Andrew," they all said,
And then went straightway back to bed.

An Exciting Moment

I AM afraid it will be too stormy to land you at Katalla," the grizzly old captain said. "But maybe we will have fair weather on our return trip," he added, seeing my disappointment. Eight days on the northern seas in November is a thing few people enjoy and the prospect of having it lengthened into sixteen did not seem particularly pleasing.

The wind had been raw and cutting and the decks flooded most of the time with a driving sleet. Yet they were rather to be chosen than the stuffy cabin.

I was standing in the point of the boat at seven the next morning. The sea was calm, and the air soft, almost balmy with the fickle Chinook wind. Ahead were the blue hills of some large island. I wondered where we could be, as I had understood that we would not see land until the following day.

"That's your new home, little girl," and the gruff old Norwegian captain stood beside me. "The island is Kyak and Katalla is just behind it on the main land."

"Oh, and you are going to put me off after all?" I questioned.

"Yes," he answered. "Last night when that northeaster went down we turned in directly. It may yet blow up too bad a storm for the launch to come out for you."

"Surely not with this warm wind blowing?" I interrupted.

"Don't place too much confidence in a chinook," said he with a shake of his head.

We went down to breakfast, but as soon as I had had my toast and tea, I was back at my post in the prow of the boat, to find that we were gliding along beside the island and could see the little town a few miles from it. What a funny little place! Just a handful of houses on the edge of the sea. Three great bars stretched out between us like the fingers of some giant's hand. I now understood why, in stormy weather, the little launch towing the big scow could not come out to us, and it was just as evident why a steamer could not go within three miles of the land.

The wind was changing. At last the launches could be seen riding over the sea, which seemed to roughen as the wind swung more and more to the north.

I wondered if my father would be out to meet me. I hoped my mother wouldn't, as there seemed to be a storm coming up. I wondered if they would look different after my fourteen months' absence. I wondered—

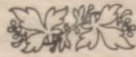
"There is your father now!" Someone's voice broke in on my wonderings, and I rushed to that side of the boat to see if it were really true. There he was, standing on top of the crazy little launch that cut in a haphazard way through the whitecaps.

As the anchor was let down the launch came alongside with a bump. I grew dizzy watching my father (who had not changed at all) so far below, and dizzy as I realized that in a few moments I should be beside him. All such feelings left me when the captain called to my father, "Do you think it is safe to land her?"

"No, I think not," my father answered, but with a wink, to my delight.

First my suit case and boxes went over the side, and the next moment I found myself crawling down the shaky rope ladder. Shall I ever forget that moment! It seemed unreasonably long, but as a big wave brought the lighter up to meet me, someone cried "Jump!" and with a backward spring I landed in my father's arms.

F. O. ROOT, '12.



"Sunrise"

AS the east begins to shade into the early pink of dawn, it is like receiving some strange, mysterious message to sit and watch the mountain as it takes on its morning glow.

First there is nothing unusual, just a cold, gray mountain, with a deep lavender tint around the base. Suddenly one begins to see, along the edge of the side toward the east, a line of gold, which widens and widens until at last the whole side is aglow with sunlight, while the sun has not yet risen above the range and the western side is still in the shadow. A few tiny clouds above the place where the sun seems about to rise look like bits of molten gold.

There is about the whole scene an effect like the approach of a herald who announces the coming of a king and warns all to be ready to do him homage. One feels quite ready to bow humbly before the "King of Day." When at last he leaps into the sky from behind the range.

MINNIE CHAMBERS, '11.

My First "Joy Ride"

IT never surprises me to hear some one say, "Oh, the funniest thing happened to me once when I was a wee tot," for it was just at that age that I took my most exciting trip.

I was the only niece, consequently a very much petted and humored one. In particular, a young uncle, about sixteen or seventeen years old, was always planning something or other that would please me. He was the proud possessor of a huge Newfoundland dog. One day as he was surveying Jack's massive proportions an idea struck him.

"I'll make a little wagon," he announced to my mother, "hitch Jack to it and take the baby for a ride." I was only four years old.

A day or so later Uncle Fred came into the house and said, "Where's the baby? The wagon is all ready and I'm going to give her a fine ride."

Mother gave her consent, for it was a fine spring day. I settled myself in the box-wagon behind old Jack. Oh, dear, but I was proud! Why, I was as proud as a queen on her throne.

At first everything went splendidly. I was having the best time of my little life. Mother was watching from the door, and Uncle Fred was walking along beside the wagon. Suddenly Jack spied a cat and with one leap forward he was off after her. He raced down the street as fast as he could go, Uncle Fred running frantically after us. Poor mother! There she stood in the door, almost paralyzed from fright. She expected the wagon to overturn any minute and throw me on the pavement, which might have resulted seriously. But was I afraid? Not at all, I was having the gayest time possible, laughing and waving my hands in the air.

Poor Jack soon tired of running with such a load and stopped. When I reached home again I was wild with delight over my ride and eager to tell mother all about it. Of course, she saw the funny side of it when she had me in her arms, safe and sound, but it was far from funny to her while it was happening.

To my sorrow, that was the last time I was allowed to go off on a "joy ride" with my young uncle.

IDA SIMMONS, '11.



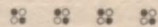
Successful Plays

The Slim Princess	Theresa
Love Among the Lions	Crystal and Hazel
Vanity Fair	Bess E-s.
Until Eternity	Miss Fitch
The Little Damsel	Miss Seeber
Miss Innocence	Edna R.
The Follies of 1911	The Seniors
The Girl at the Helm	Helen K.
The Singing Girl	Dora
A Man's a Man	Miss Harnish
The Crisis	Exam Week
Chantecler	Gladys
A Fool There Was	Fluff
Heir to the Hoorah	The Team
Forty-five Minutes From Broadway	Isabel A.
Sherlock Holmes	Miss Trane
The Writing on the Wall	Miss Williams
Mlle. Mischief	Lena
A Matinee Idol	Andrew
Is Matrimony a Failure?	Miss McGraw
The Thunderbolt	Corinne
The White Sister	Miss Drake
The Darling Doctor	Miss McDonald
The Concert	Babe
The Penalty	The Serving Room
The Girl on the Train	Mary Louise
Love Watches	Fanny
Bachelor Belles	The Faculty
The Alaskan	Bess E. and Frances R.
The Golden Girl	Rebecca
The Yankee Girl	Miss Guppy
The Tenderfoot	Louise
His House in Order	Mary W.
The Flirting Princess	Addie
The Suffragette	Rowine
Mlle. Modiste	Minnie

Nobody's Magazine

Contents for April, 1911

1. The Common Law III. M. L. Williams
2. The Power of Speech. A Story C. Harnish
3. Why Girls Leave Home C. L. Fitch
4. The Echo. A Poem B. M. Seeber
5. June Fourteenth, or the Last Days of Rebellion.....Senior Class
6. The Grain of Dust. A Serial Story. Chapters IV.-V.
..... Octovia S. Drake
7. Music of the Sphere. A Poem B. McKenzie
8. Wild Animals I Have Known K. W. McGraw
9. Made in Germany Vera Bajohr
10. The Spirit World. A Poem Paula Frahm
11. Death by Dynamite K. W. McDonald
12. A New Sort of Detective S. M. Trane
13. Frenzied Finance L. M. Fitch
14. Happy Hours for Children Elinor McDonald
15. Our Flag. A Poem Maria R. Guppy
16. The Simplicity of English B. E. Smith
17. Little Stories of Real Life—
 The Score A. W. S. Team
 The Test G. E. Bonner
 The Hand Made Gentleman E. H. Criswell



Who Says?

- “I’m not very pretty, but I’m sweet and clean.”
 “Let’s don’t, we might get a mark.”
 “My goodness, I’ve got to go to the doctor.”
 “I can’t eat it, Miss Criswell.”
 “Oh, la-a-and!”
 “They call me Cupid.”
 “I don’t like my hair this way.”
 “O girls, I’m engaged!”
 “Come here while I laugh at your face.”
 “I can’t pay it all at one blow.”
 “Got your lesson?”
 “Gee pants” (j y pense).
 “Well, a kiss for you.”

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost,
 And the excellent things we planned,
 Belong to the woman who didn't know why,
 (And now we know she never knew why),
 And did not understand.



Favorite Sayings of the Faculty

- Miss Fitch: "No, indeed."
 Miss Frahm: "What about the senior team this P. M.?"
 Miss Guppy: "And then you will say—"
 Miss Williams: "Will the following girls please pass into Miss Drake's room?"
 Miss Lottie: "No, you can't have it charged."
 Miss Drake: "Are all these beds made? No, I think not."
 Miss Seeber: "Once in the East, when I was in college, I—"
 Miss McGraw: "This means a noise mark for you."
 Miss Eleanor: "Aren't we going to have any toast?"
 Miss McDonald: "I—said—that——"
 Miss Frahm: "Ach, ich bin so hungrig!"
 Miss Trane: "Oh, mercy!"
 Miss Bonner: "Note-books in today."
 Miss Smith: "Yes, indeedie."
 Miss Criswell: "One girl had her lesson and one didn't."
 Miss McKenzie: "Would you mind making less noise?"
 Miss Harnish: "Girls, I'm tired singing solos."
 Miss Bajohr: "No, you cannot, Miss Williams."
 The Faculty: "O, you Seniors."



Through Miss Criswell's little den,
 Wafts an odor, now and then;
 Seems to smell like ancient rat,
 Lying where one can't get at.



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Contributions are requested from former pupils and present members of the School.

EDITORIAL

We may well feel proud of having won the first basket ball game that we ever played with an outside team, and at having won it from such a distinguished foe. Let us not be downcast because we met defeat the next time. Let us be prouder than ever of our team, put more enthusiasm into our rooting, and so encourage our team that they may ever gain more victories than defeats. And one thing more. How

often, after the first game, was a remark made on the sportsmanlike way in which the High School team took its defeat. Let us strive, whether victorious or defeated, to cheer the other team with equal enthusiasm after a hard fought contest.

HELEN KEEN, '12.



The next number of the Hyak, girls, will be the last one of this school year, so let everyone contribute something toward making it the best number that the school has ever sent out. Write a story, or a jingle, or, if you don't think you can do that, remember that jokes are very useful. Watch the girls and put in their clever sayings or slips of the tongue which they have made. The Hyak is managed by the two upper classes, but nevertheless it is your paper, Annie Wright, and it is for you to make it a success.

BESSIE EDWARDS, '11.



The spirit and resourcefulness with which the girls have taken hold of the Lenten work this year is a great credit to the school. It was the bishop's suggestion this year that the girls deny themselves a little more than ordinarily and earn money for their Easter offering, that by this means the spirit of the season might be more truly preserved. His suggestion has been carried out to the letter. By means of Miss Frahm's clever bulletin, many useful professions have been announced. Help out the good work, girls! Patronize our advertisers.

RUTH CARLSON, '14.



When Fritz comes forth with ball in hand,
He draws a doughty nine;
The girls, they pitch all kinds of curves,
And even in-shoots fine.
But should the umpire call a foul,
As to a base they wobble,
They gather round him in a mob,
And end up in a squabble.



On Wednesday, March 15th, the Seminary girls played a practice game of basket ball with the Tacoma High School girls, defeating them by a score of 14 to 7. The game was a closer one than the score would indicate, the teams being really very well matched. The lineup was as follows:

A. W. S.		T. H. S.	
Bessie Eckert	Forwards	{	Helen Hartman
Marion Kellogg		{	Alita Stiber
Dorothy Atkinson	Centers	{	Anna Daman
Corinne Dowd		{	Emma Zieger
Lena Jenott	Guards	{	Marjorie Daman
Rowine Kellogg		{	Marjorie Haines

The first half began in our favor with one field basket by Bessie Eckert and one by Marion Kellogg. The ball was kept in our territory most of the half by the efforts of the centers and the fine work of the guards. Lena Jenott's long throws were easily the most noteworthy plays of the whole game. The High School guards worked to such purpose as to prevent our forwards from making any more field goals in this half, but Bessie raised the score three points with her carefully aimed free throws and the High School made two points in the same manner. The first half closed with the score 7 to 2 in our favor.

In the beginning of the second half the High School girls got the ball into their territory, where a field goal was made by Helen Hartman, followed by three free throws by Aleta Stiber.

Our girls awoke to their danger and from then on the ball never left our side of the field. Marion made a field goal, Bessie followed it with two more and with one free throw finished our score of 14.

The way in which the High School forwards threw their baskets, even on a strange field, made us feel sure that if the ball had been more in their reach their score would have been much larger.

The team work of both teams was excellent, showing the hard work that their coaches, Miss Miller and Miss Frahm, have done with them. The High School guards were especially strong. Thanks to the steady watchfulness of our centers, there was little opportunity to judge the work of their forwards.

We were very fortunate in having Miss Scholls of the High School as referee and surely owe her a vote of thanks.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

On Friday, March 24th, the Seminary girls played a return practice game of basket ball with the T. H. S. girls in the High School gymnasium.

The lineup was the same as in the game played in the Seminary gymnasium, with the exception of two new players on the High School team, Marguerite Cathout at center and Lola Sriars at guard.

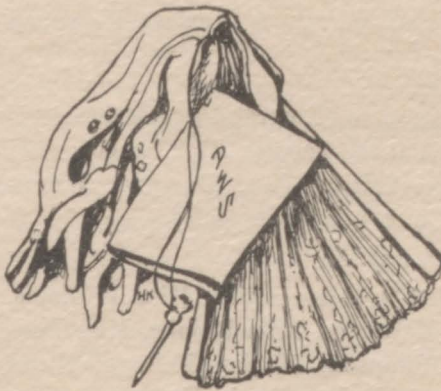
The points of the game were as follows: The first field basket for the Seminary was thrown by Bessie Eckert, as well as one free goal. The score was raised to five by a field throw by Marion Kellogg. Helen Hartman of the High School team threw two field baskets and Alita Stiber two free baskets, making the score 5 to 6 in favor of the High School.

In the second half the points for the Seminary were the same as in the first half, one field basket apiece for the forwards and one free throw by Bessie. The High School ran up a score of seven points, making the final score 13 to 10 in favor of the High School.

The teams played a fast game. The work of both was admirable, but the High School showed the effects of longer team work. Owing to the difference in baskets, our girls experienced the same disadvantage that the High School did here.

After the game the High School girls entertained our team in the teachers' parlor, and the afternoon closed with both teams in the best of spirits.





SOCIETY

The matinee performance of the "Three Twins" was attended by Bessie Edwards, Hazel Chambers and Crystal Bennett.

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Alice Bingham, Frances Stewart, Ida Simmons and Katharine White, chaperoned by Miss Eleanor, attended the evening performance of the "Three Twins."

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Miss Frahm chaperoned Bessie Edwards, Minnie Chambers, Dora Willoughby, Hazel Chambers, Edna Roach, Crystal Bennett, Rowine Kellogg, Adelaide Young, Marion Kellogg, Mary Simpson and Gladys Hampton to the "Beauty Spot" at the Tacoma theater.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Adelaide Young and Minnie Chambers, chaperoned by Miss Frahm, attended the P. D. Q. fraternity dance given at the Bonnevillle.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Mrs. J. P. McConnell visited her sister, Irene Short, in February.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Dora Willoughby attended the military ball given at the Armory on the 22nd of February.

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Miss Vera Antem, of Spokane, spent Saturday, March 18, with Minnie Chambers.

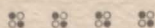
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Adelaide Young went with friends to the Country Club dance at American Lake on the 4th of February.

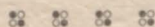
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"A Rose of Plymouth," given at the Tacoma High School, was enjoyed very much. Nearly all the girls in the Seminary and many of the teachers attended the performance.

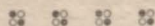
Mary Simpson spent the week-end with Frances Stewart, February 10-12.



Miss Cora Mel Patten's interpretations of Rostrand's "Chantecler" and Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," given at the Tacoma High School, were attended by Esther Marshall, Isabel Adams, Jane Durland, Winnifred Howell, Vernita Swezea, Inez Davis and Frances Root.



The Hoffman concert was attended by Miss Smith, Miss Williams, Miss Frahm, Miss McDonald, Miss McKenzie, Miss Bajohr, Miss Bonner, Dora Willoughby, Katherine Simpson, Marion Kellogg, Hazel Chambers, Crystal Bennett, Marjory Cash, Inez Davis, Katherine Kerr, Gladys Hampton, Alice Bingham, Ida Simmons and Louise O'Donnell.

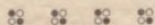


A reception was given at the Seminary on Washington's birthday for Miss Kawai, of Japan, by members of the city and college Y. W. C. A. Miss Kawai is a most cultivated Japanese lady, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, and through her membership in the national board of the Young Women's Christian Association of Japan and also in the world's committee, she is using her talents to touch the young womanhood of the Orient.

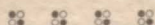


In honor of Lincoln's birthday, the following program was given at the Seminary under the direction of Miss Guppy:

"Star Spangled Banner"	School
Quotations from Lincoln's Speeches.	
"Abraham Lincoln, the Man"	Rebecca Stevenson
"Home Thoughts from Europe," Henry Van Dyke	Miss Frahm
"Salute to the Flag"	School
"The Red, White and Blue"	School
"The Perfect Tribute," Mary Shpiman Andrews	Miss Frahm
"America"	School



Mary Hammer, '12, will not be able to return to school this year on account of ill health.



The Mid-Year Party

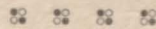
This year the Mid-Year Party was combined with the Valentine Party. It was given by the Freshmen, aided by Miss Harnish, Miss Bajohr, Miss McKenzie and Miss Guppy.

The evening was opened with tableaux presented by the Freshmen. The tableaux were representations of famous lovers from different

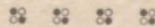
books. Ruth Carlson and Katherine White, representing the King and Queen of Hearts, were seated on a throne, before which the different pairs came in and bowed. Then each lover proposed to his lady-fair, using the words of him he represented.

Margaret White and Florence Cornell were very good as a Dutch pair, Hans and Gretchen. Lilian Gassert and Janie Dow represented Malcolm and Ellen, Scott's hero and heroine in the "Lady of the Lake," while Bessie Buehler and Hazel Thurlow were very funny as Barends and Peggity.

After the tableaux there was a grand march, led by Bernice Phillips and Lena Jenott, who represented modern lovers, the American girl and boy. After having danced for a while, refreshments were served. The girls were told that there were peanuts hidden all over the gymnasium and that a favor would be given to the one who should find the most peanuts. Bessie Eckert, who found the greatest number, won the prize. After the excitement of the hunt had died down, the music struck up again and the dancing continued until twelve.



The song recital given by Allesandro Bonci at the Tacoma theater on March 21 was attended by Miss Williams, Miss McGraw, Miss Harnish, Miss Sieber, Miss Frahm, Miss Trane and Miss Bajohr.



Sunday Evenings

Our serial was finished some time ago, but other entertainments have been provided for our Sunday evening home hour. On the 8th of January we had with us Miss Crane, who told us of her hopes and plans for the Chinese indemnity schools. After her talk the fruit cake sent us by Mrs. Lewis, our friend in Utah, was cut and passed around. A week later the bishop gave us an inspiring talk on personal responsibility. Mr. Raymouth made us happy the next week by singing for us some of Carrie Jacobs Bonds' songs. On the following Sunday evening Marion Kellogg and Katherine Simpson played two duets, a "Country Dance," by Nethelbert, and Mendelssohn's "War March of the Priests." On the 5th of February we had a beautiful program of violin numbers rendered by Prof. Olof Bull:

Humoresque	Beethoven
Serenade	Gabriel Pierre
Air	Johann Matthewson
Serenade	Franz Eiden
Traumerei	Schumann

The next Sunday evening Miss Frahm read from the life of Paul Laurence Dunbar and the following selections from his works: "Poet

and Son," "Banjo Song," "Little Brown Baby," "Poor Little Lamb," "Accountability," "Angelina Johnson," "Sympathy," "Life," "The Sun," She also read several poems by Edmund Vance Cook: "The Hen," "Bobby's Besetting Sin," "Moo, Cow, Moo," "Shave Store," "A Thurru' Rest." A musical program closed the evening:

The Happy Wanderer	Jensen
Inez Davis.	
Scherzo	Gurlett
Study No. 11	Duvernoy
Mary Woods.	
Canzonette	E. Schmitt
Lillian Gassert.	
Hungarian Dance	Brahms
Ida Simmons and Katherine Simpson.	

On the 19th of February Miss Harnish read us some delightful "mammy" stories. Mrs. Frank Kelsey also read to us from Tennyson, selecting "The Brook," "Crossing the Bar" and "Break, Break, Break."

The next week Miss Harnish sang for us the following selections: "Japanese Love Song," "A Memory," "Slumber Boat," "In the Dark and in the Dew," "Doan' Yo Cry, Ma Honey," and "Blow, Lil' Breezes, Blow." Ida Simmons and Marion Kellogg played two duets by Walkmann, "Under the Linden" and "Lovag."

Miss Ethel Leech, of Tacoma, a graduate of the Felton School at Boston, gave us a special treat on the 5th of March in the way of a piano recital. Her numbers were as follows:

Murmuring Zephyrs	Jensen
Funeral March from Saul	Mendelssohn
Stuccato Caprice	Moskowski

Mrs. Keator's singing on the 12th of March was greatly enjoyed. "Mother o' Mine," "The Three Fishermen," "Oh, That We Two Were Maying" and "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes" were her selections. On the following Sunday evening Miss Drake gave an interesting talk on Alaska, and the last "home evening" of March was made very pleasant by Miss Guppy's talk on Holland.

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The Guild has been very busy during Lent binding magazine stories for hospital distribution and making children's scrap books for an Alaska mission.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

The news of the sudden death from appendicitis of Marguerite Hose, formerly '13, was a great shock to her friends and classmates here. One of her Annie Wright correspondents had just received a letter from her, full of happiness in the improved health of her mother and their return home. Much sympathy is expressed for the bereaved parents.

Lest Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot

Mrs. Sidney Plummer (Nellie Bridgman, '95) has tendered her resignation as President of the Alumae Association. Mr. and Mrs. Plummer are leaving Tacoma for Chehalis. As Mrs. Younkin, the Vice-President, is a non-resident, the only official of the association resident in Tacoma is Miss Nellie Eidemiller, '07, the Secretary.

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Florence Newell, '03, formerly of Juneau, Alaska, has gone to Boston to live with an aunt and uncle.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Mrs. V. E. Williams (Edith Williams, '05) has returned to Tacoma from a three months' visit to her mother in California.

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Mary Courtenay, '05, of Miles City, Montana, is planning to visit in Tacoma next summer.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

May Eidemiller, '05, will be in Tacoma in the early summer and hopes to be present at the Alumnae reunion.

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Grace Macdonald, '06, and Lura MacFarlane, '08, were bridesmaids at Vivian Hulbert's wedding.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Grace Macdonald, '06, was present at the Western Washington Wellesley Club's reunion in Tacoma March 18th.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand von Plante, of San Francisco, visited Mr. and Mrs. William Campbell Smith in the middle of February. Mrs. von Plante and Mrs. Smith will be remembered as Frieda and Lola Foard, '07.

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Imogene Thompson, '04, was in Tacoma in February as the guest of Mizae Noonan, '04.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Florence Swearingen, '08, who is now in her junior year at Wellesley, and her sister, Mary, '10, a student at Dana Hall, Wellesley, spent the Christmas holidays with friends in Ann Arbor, Mich.

Reba Noonan, '09, has returned from Pasadena.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Ethel Levin, '10, has been in California since early in February.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

The present address of Sadie Ramsay, '10, is 1600 East Madison street, Seattle.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Irene Ulin, '09, of Victoria, was at the Annie Wright part of the first week in March as the guest of Adelaide Young.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Laura Stever, '10, visited Edna Roach at the Seminary January 21.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Mrs. Horace Carter (Marianne McGraw) will be at home after April 1 at 708 North Second street.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Marriages.

Murray-Hulbert.—In Seattle, October 19, at the residence of the bride's parents, Miss Vivian Hulbert, '07, and Mr. Wayne Murray, of Ellensburg. Rev. Dr. Gowen, rector of Trinity church, officiated.

Carter-McGraw.—At St. Luke's church, February 18, by Rev. F. T. Webb, Miss Marianne McGraw and Mr. Horace Richard Carter.

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Births.

In Portland, January 26, a son, George Benson, to Mr. and Mrs. George Beach (Alice Benson, 1900).

In Vancouver, March 21, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey (Nellie Barker, '03).

In Tacoma, January 25, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Johns (Louise Pringle, '08).

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Deaths.

In Los Angeles, December —, Mr. W. W. D. Terrett, husband of Marguerite Courtenay, 1900.

In Vancouver, B. C., March 20, Marguerite, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Hose, aged 16 years.



PERSONAL

Miss Criswell (when Katie was translating French in a mournful monotone)—“Katie, wake up!”

Katie (rousing herself and translating)—“Her anxiety woke me up.”

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

A. B.-r-n (translating French)—“He could—”

Miss C.—“But it is a participle.”

G. V. F.—“Why ‘coulding,’ of course.”

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Miss Frahm—“Name the different kinds of tissues, Marie.”

Marie—“Well, there are muscular tissues, and er—feminine tissues.”

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Mary Louise, in Art History—“By harmony is meant fitness to propose” (purpose).

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Anna, in French—“An hour before her arrival she was there already.”

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Theresa (looking at some photographs that had been colored)—“Why, Helen, does your camera take water-colors?”

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

“Yes,” said our Scotch lassie, “we have pancakes next Tuesday. It’s Scrub Tuesday and we always get them then.”

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

E-t-r M.—“We get germs from damp milk.”

Miss Harnish (in chorus class)—“Can anyone tell me what diction means?”

Unknown Voice—“Pronunciation.”

Miss H.—“Yes, and—”

Corinne—“Renunciation.”

§§ §§ §§ §§

Miss Smith—“What is a cockatrice, Marion?”

“Marion—“A grasshopper, I guess.”

§§ §§ §§ §§

Theresa—“The principal fruits of Italy are olives, Oranges and eggs.”

§§ §§ §§ §§

In French II, reading about shipwreck: “At five o’clock bugles and tambourines (tambours) sounded.” (So appropriate.)

§§ §§ §§ §§

Another French translation: “The mother on twinkling her eyes rushed from the house.”

§§ §§ §§ §§

In seventh English. Merle Case:

“Thou, too sail on, O ship of State!

Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

Humanity, with all its fears,

With all the hopes of future years,

Is hanging breathless on our gate!”

§§ §§ §§ §§

Frances, translating French: “Tout craque” (everyone was cracked).

§§ §§ §§ §§

Miss Smith, in Junior English (evidently not over the effects of Cicero class the period before)—“Cicero puts such songs all through Twelfth Night.”

§§ §§ §§ §§

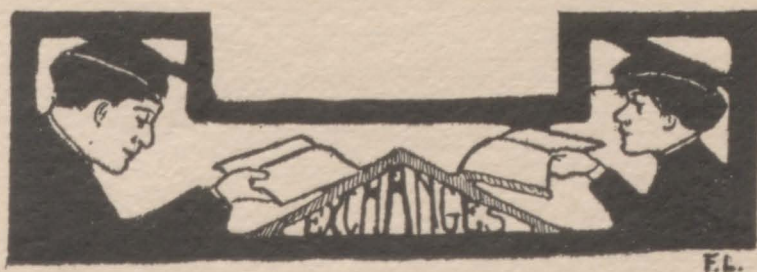
French translation: “He would some day grow large enough to be a dragon” (dragoon).

§§ §§ §§ §§

M. K. (Caesar)—“When they saw it actually moving and the fortifications approaching the wall—”

§§ §§ §§ §§

Miss Smith—“Yes, Shakespeare is said to have died the same day that he was born.”



The Hyak acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges received since Christmas:

Whitman College Pioneer, The Maroon, The Review, The Postern, The Focus, Whims, The K. I. Review, The Calendar, Wheat, The Toka, The Alphian, Stephens Collegian, The Spinster, The Camosun, The Tahoma.

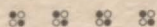
The March number of "Whims" is excellent. We have no fault to find.

The "Focus" needs a few cuts and cartoons. The article on "Old English Customs" is very interesting.

We should like to see an exchange department in The Alphian.

Toka, your new department, "Alumni," is a very good plan. Best wishes for its effect on your subscription list.

The Lincoln number of "Wheat" is very good, and the essay on "Abraham Lincoln's Boyhood" is well worth reading. The exchange department is also good.



EXCERPTS

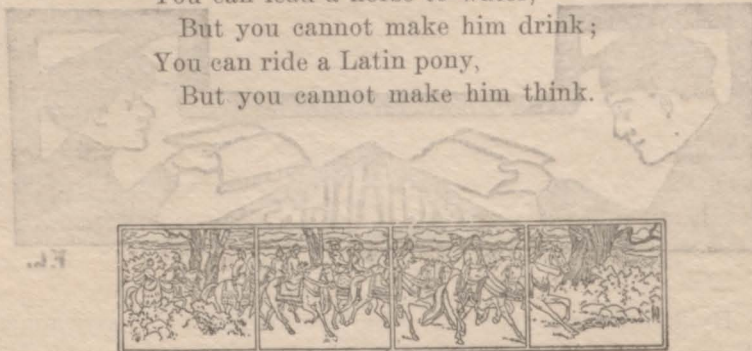
Other papers all remind us,
We can make our own sublime,
If our fellow schoolmates send us
Contributions all the time.

Here a little, there a little—
Story, club note, song or jest—
If you want a slick school paper.
Each of you must do your best.

God helps them who help themselves—but not to pencils and tablets.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
Down on my little bunk,
I pray that I may die tonight
And save another flunk.

You can lead a horse to water,
But you cannot make him drink;
You can ride a Latin pony,
But you cannot make him think.



Buttons, buttons gone from clothes,
Name the place where they repose.
In mite boxes, many times,
You will find them 'stead of dimes.



"Popcorn, peanuts, taffy," echoes through the hall,
"You can buy which one you like, or you can buy them all;
Popcorn, peanuts, taffy, get them any time,
Swell the Easter offering, penny, nickel, dime."



Many pearly buttons gone from many waists;
Can it be the latest style? Can't account for tastes.
Can it be the waists are tight?
Or do the girls forget their plight?

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